C.44.1

THE Siege and Surrender OF MONS.

A

Tragi-Comedy.

Expoſing the Villany of the PRIESTS, and the Intrigues of the FRENCH.

Licenſed, *April* 23. 1691.

LONDON,

Printed for *Richard Baldwin*. 1691.

Perſons Repreſented.

The *Prince de Bergue* Governour of *Mons.*
Count *Fontagne* } Collonels of Horſe.
Count *Ravellido* }
Brigadier *Fagel.*
Marſhal *Spinoſa.*
Collonel *Brannacio.*
Collonel *Harcourt.*
Major *Pedro* the Chief Engineer.
Abbot *Grimchi* }
Abbot *Vaneuf* } Penſioners to *France.*
Durand, Ternon, Foquet, 3 Inhabitants of *Mons,* but Penſioners to the *French.*

The King of *France.*
The *Dauphin.*
The Prince of *Conde.*
Monſieur *Lovis.*
The Duke of *Luxemburgh.*
The Duke *de Chartres.*
The Marquels *de Bouffleers.*
The Marſhal *de Duras.*
Fevillade.
Monſieur *Vauban,* Chief Engineer.
Megrim, another Engineer.

VVomen, Prieſts, Burghers, Deſerters, Scouts, Spies, Soldiers, Rabble, *&c.*

The Scene MONS. *And the* French *Camp.*

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THE Siege and Surrender OF MONS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Curtain drawn, diſcovers the Prince de Bergue, *with the* Counts Fontagne *and* Ravillido, Brigadier Fagel, Marſhal Spinoſa, *and other Officers in Council at the* Stadt-Huys *or* Town-Hall *of* Mons, *examining a Scout, whom they had ſent to obſerve the Motions of the* French.

Prince B. BUT does the Army march directly hither?

Scout. They ſeem, my Lord, to have no other aim,
For from the Hills I ſaw their Cavalry
Deſcend in ſo much order with their Trumpets,
Haut-bois and Drums in warlike Conſort playing
As if inſtead of fighting they intended
A ſolemn Triumph in the Plains of *Hainault*.

Prince. 'Tis yet prepoſterous tho, to let ſuch Joys
Soften their Souldiers Minds before Engagement,
Know you the Strength and Number of their Force?

Scout. Reports, my Lord, are Various, yet 'tis thought
That Fifty thouſand Men compoſe their Army.

Prince. Let Fifty thouſand ſwell to Fifty Millions,
As daring as their General *Luxemberg*;
And cruel as the Marqueſs *de Bouffleers*,
Yet *Mons* ſhall ſtand againſt their mighty Force,
My Lords, your thoughts of this bold Undertaking?

C. Ravillido. 'Tis what we feared, what did I ſay we fear'd it?
Forgive the word——we know not what it means
This friendly Viſit we have long expected,
But yet we hope with int'reſt to repay it;
'Tis kindly done to let us know their coming,
That we get things ready for their welcome,
And not as once in the Diſguiſe of Merchants,
Seize on our Gates, and let the Foes come in,
Myn Heer (*ſpeaking to Fagel*) you beſt the Towns Condition know.

Fagel. If Art and Nature ever yet contriv'd,
A place to bear the worſt attacks of Fortune,
'Tis ſurely *Mons* can make the juſteſt claim,
If Horn-works, Baſtions, Counterſcarps, Redoubts,
With the united Force of *Germans, Dutch,*
Walloones and *Spaniards* both of Foot and Horſe,
Bred in the Art of War and Blood ſince Infancy
Speak a place ſtrong, then *Mons* will try their Valour.

Prince B. Fagel, the Genius of a Martial Soul,
Dictates your thoughts, yet Caution is a Vertue,
For were our Bulwarks ſtrong as walls of Braſs,
And Ramparts which to time might bid defiance,
Yet were the Souldiers treacherous or diſloyal,
The place would quickly yield to Gallick Force.

Fagel. The Souldiers falſe? avert the thought kind Heaven!
My Lord, ſo very brave and ſtout tho' appear,
As if one gallant and Heroick Soul
Did actuate of Men ſo great a Body,
The Burghers too have ſeem'd to lay aſide
All thoughts of getting Wealth, and heaping Riches.
Daily they leave their Shops to handle Arms,
And exerciſe with ſo much art and skill,
As Nature ſeem'd to have deſign'd 'em Souldiers.

Prince B. Fagel you chear my Soul with the Relation,
But we have now no time for long Debates,
'Tis Action now muſt make us Formidable,
My Lords *Fontagne* and *Ravillido*, you
With your reſpective Troops take care to guard
The Magazines, *Spinoſa* 'tis your Poſt

Upon

Upon the VValls to manage all the Canon
To *Harcourt* I've already given a Charge.
Fagel. 'Tis known you no Instructions want,
Nor does your God-like Vertue need Directions
Let every Man of us altho remember
No common Cause we wear upon Swords,
Let each but think that on his single Valour
Depends the Glory or the Fall of *Mons*
Eternal Honour or perpetual Slav'ry,
If helps to Valour we should stand in need,
Let us reflect upon the breach of Oaths,
Truces and Edicts sign'd by treacherous French,
Let's think of *Phillipsburg*, *Spire*, *Worms*, and other
Once famous Towns, now heaps of Dirt and Ruines,
Let this within our minds form such impressions
Of French Civility that we may never
Listen to Overtures of tame Surrender.
Fagel. Surrender ——— had I my Lord the least suspicion
That in these Brains of mine such thoughts were lurking
By Heav'n Ide dash 'em out against a Mortar-piece,
As soon my Wife and all my little Children,
Ide tamely hold, before a Rugged Villain,
VVhilst he with cruel Knife ript up their Throats,
As yield my Country up to Monsieur's Terms.
Ravillac. Bravely resolv'd. *But Fagel* not alone,
There's not a Man that bears Command in *Mons*,
VVho will not wish to loose the use of Hearing
Before he'l listen to such base Demand.
Prince. My Lords I pray you let no nice Suspicions
Disturb our Friendships ——— Each Man to his Post,
Mean while be Orders sent to all the Convents,
The Monasteries and Religious Houses
VVithin the City that the Holy Fathers
VVith Prayers and Tears, long Fastings and Processions
May bribe the Saints t'assist us in our woes,
And turn these threatning Clouds another Day
Spinosa, wait upon me to the Palace.

Exeunt all but Fagel.

Fagel. VVhat e're the Matter is I cannot tell,
I do not love theſe Prieſts, for in a Siege,
They are as uſeleſs as their Holy-water:
'Tis ſtrange, their Prayers ſhould do no more Execution
Then we effect with all our Bombs and Canon;
And for their parts, they are unskill'd in Arms:
Yet I bely 'em, for theſe ſhaven Scoundrels
Know but too well the uſe of Carnal weapons;
They have more Buſineſs with their Female Penitents,
Then hearing them confeſs and then abſolve them.
VVhile we are fighting to defend their Lives,
Theſe holy Rogues are nibbling at our VVives.

ACT I. SCENE II.

The Scene the chief Street in Mons.

Enter ſix Burgers with Pioneers and other Rabble.

1. *Burger.* (*looking up*). You Sirrah, untile that Houſe quickly, or I ſhall untile your Brain-pan for you — you Dog.

2. *Burg.* VVhat's the meaning of your practice Neighbour, d'ye think the French when they've taken the Town, will come in at the Top of the Houſe?

1. *Burg.* No, but they will ſend their Meſſengers beforehand to give us notice of their coming, by a very civil Perſon, in the ſhape of a Bomb.

2. *Burg.* And how does he deliver his Meſſage?

1. *Burg.* Truly in a very paſſionate manner, he is ſo very full of rage, that he burſts with it.

3. *Burg.* VVhy he ſpeaks his mind very plainly then.

1. *Burg.* Ay and very loudly too when I was at *Genoa*, the French Fleet gave us a Viſit *en paſſant*, and ſent us ſuch a number of theſe fiery Meſſengers, that the Town could hardly afford 'em houſe-room.

4. *Burg.* Unpave that Quadrangle quickly, we'll endeavour they ſhall fall ſoft, for they are very apt to break their Bones when they come down.

5. *Burg.* This new way of Houſe-breaking came up but very lately, methinks,

6. *Burg.*

6 *Burg.* And the Devil on't is, there's no Statute againſt it, But when are we to expect this *French* Viſit?

1 *Burg.* They are now within 4 Leagues of the place and cannot fail Of being here by to morrow noon.

5 *Burg.* Well, Heaven be prais'd we are pretty well provided to entertain 'em, our Governour is a Wiſe Diſcreet Prince, his Officers Truſty, and I hope we have no Rogues amongſt our ſelves.

2 *Burg.* Only our fooliſh pity is apt to betray us in Complacenſe to the Women; my Wife does ſo deſire me to keep out of Harms way, that ſhe grows perfectly troubleſom.

6 *Burg.* For my part I could wiſh 'em all in Purgatory while the Buſineſs is over.

1 *Burg.* Ay, and the Prieſts too with 'em, for they are never aſunder, ſince the noiſe of the *French*'s coming, the Confeſſionalls and Churches are ſo cramm'd with 'em, that one cannot get a Prieſt now to a ſick man's Bed, and ſo the poor Wretch muſt go out of the World without Extream Unction.

6 *Burg.* For my part I have an indifferent Opinion of my Wives Honeſty, but I cannot ſwear for the Chaſtity of her Confeſſor, ſince by a miſtake he ſhow'd her *Arétines* Poſtures inſtead of the *Roſary*.

Enter a Rabble bringing in 3 French *Spies.*

1 *Rabble.* Bring 'em along, bring 'em along — we'l give 'em Beef to their Vinegar.

2 *Rabble.* Will nothing go down with you ye Dogs but Gun-Powder Sawce.

2 *Burg.* The Occaſion of this Tumult quickly Sirrah.

1 *Rabble.* Why Sir, theſe very civil Gentlemen foreſeeing the Miſerie we were to ſuffer in the Siege deſigned to have Blown up our great Magazine of Powder.

1 *Burg.* Horrible Rogues!

2 *Rab.* Nay Sir, the very Lighted Match was diſcovered within 9 inche of the Train.

3 *Burg.* By which it may be eaſily gueſs't they are not 10 inches from Halter.

1 *Rab.* The deſign Sir was laid in the Garden of *Malheur* the *Fren* Lawyer, but he has troop't off and ſo ſav'd his Bacon.

1 *Burg*

1 *Burg.* Shall Villanies like this remain unpunisht?
Rather then such designing Hell-Born Rogues
Should want due punishment I'd once turn Hang-man,
But lest our Passions should exceed Discretion
Carry the Rascals to the Governour
Who is too prudent and too just a Prince
To let such Treacheries pass unrewarded.

1 *Rab.* Yes Sir, yes Sir, we'l conduct 'em to the Governour, and afterwards hope to make one Holi-day to see 'em broke on the Wheel: Come away Dogs, Rogues, Sons of Whores, come away.

[*Exeunt Rabble with the Prisoners.*

5 *Burg.* A Lucky discovery this --- the whole *French* Army could not do us half the mischief as one of these was able to effect---

1 *Burg.* Yet all this shall not abate one jot of my kindness for the *French*; Oh methinks a Monsieurs heart would be a rare Breakfast

5 *Burg.* Well Pepper'd and Salted upon a *Spanish* Gridiron.

Guns heard at a distance.

1 *Burg.* Hear you the noise?

2 *Burg.* I am not Deaf I think--well now the worst is come to the worst, if you'll follow my example, Bury your Plate, Lock up your Wives and Children, and with a Musket on his Shoulder, let every man be the *Swiss* of his own Family. [*Exeunt.*

ACT I. SCENE III.

Enter a large Procession of the Religious, the Host born under a Canopy by the Abbots Grimchi *and* Vaneuf, *assisted by the* Dominicans, *&c. the chief of the Town following in due Order, with Wax Tapers in their hands making a very large Train* --- Durand, Ternon *and* Foquet *bringing up the Rear* --- *in their solemn March the Priests sing.*

Behold behold ye blest above,
Who have no Passions now but Love,
Behold our sad distressed Town,
And look with tender Pity down.

Look down upon our Virgins Tears,
Look down upon our Matrons Fears,

Regard

Regard the cries of Old and Young,
Who daily to the Temple throng,
Your kindeſt pity we implore
Our wiſhes cannot hope for more,
'Tis pity pity we implore.

[*The Proceſſion goes off, manent* Durand, Ternon *and* Foquet.

Foquet. Ha ha ha ha ha —

Durand. You'r merry *Foquet*, the Occaſion pray you.

Foquet. Have I not reaſon? when I ſee the two Abbots ſo very pioully aſſiſting at a Devotion when their hearts are quite another way.

Durand. How came you by this Intelligence, you are but a Lay-man, and Gentlemen of their Character ſeldom make ſuch their Confeſſors.

Foquet. Come come *Durand*, and you Monſieur *Ternon*, off off with your Diſguiſes, and ſhow your ſelves honeſt men — that is by interpretation according to the *Spaniſh* Verſion — Rogues.

Ternon. You amaze me for —

Foquet. Nay never ſtart *Ternon*, you and I with *Durand*, are all engaged in one cauſe. See you this (*ſhews Gold*)
Who for ſuch a Sum would not Hang his Father, lye with his Mother, and Crack his Siſters Maidenhead ha — ?

Durand. Come, come, I ſee you have found us out, and for my part my Fortunes having been at Low Water-mark a long time, I thought a little *French* Gold no very unacceptable Preſent conſidering my Circumſtances.

Ternon. Well then ſince we underſtand one another, let's conſult the chief Methods how to merit more of theſe Favours.

Foquet. Our firſt chief Buſineſs muſt be to magnify the Glory's of the *French* King in all Companys where we can do it ſafely; then that we may be equally as much at eaſe under his Government as under the King of *Spain*, who is at too great a diſtance to take Cognizance of the ill Adminiſtration of his Officers.

Ternon. I had a Letter t'other day from a Correſpondence of mine in *England*, who tells me that Gentlemen there lay Wagers like mad that *Mons* will be in the *French* hands by ſuch a time —— you know

our

our wiſhes generally command our Purſes —— but hold who are theſe ———

Enter a Rabble crying out Confuſion to the French, *Confuſion to the* French.

Rabble. How now, who are you?
Ternon. We Gentlemen, we are Citizens of *Mons.*
Rabble. Are you for the *French* or no?
Foquet. For the *French*, no, no? rot the Rogues, ſink, burn and confound 'em ——Heaven be Deaf to my Prayers. [*Aſide.*
Rabble. Come come along with us, along with us. *Exeunt.*

ACT I. SCENE 4.

SCENE. The Palace.

Enter Prince de Bergue *Diſcourſing with* Fagel *and* Spinoſa *with other Officers.*

Prince. I'm glad to find that gen'rous Reſolution
Appears in both the Soldiers and the Burghers
To keep the Town even to the laſt extremity.
Fagel. Never did men appear with greater Brav'ry
In all the Sieges Hiſtory makes mention
Then this of *Mons.*
Prince. Have the *French* form'd their Camp?
Fagel. They'r very buſy in purſuit of Ruin,
Their Horſe conſiſt of two and forty Squadrons,
And in fit poſts they now their Foot are placing;
Great numbers of the Boors they have compell'd
To work upon the Lines and drain the Marſhes,

As

As yet their Bombs and Cannon are behind,
Nor have they given us one kind Salute
From mouth of Gun, but hourly we expect it.
Prince. Since in Civility they are so backward,
Let us then first begin — And you *Spinosa*
Go quickly then and order Colonel *Harcourt*,
With a pickt number of bold daring Youths
Assisted by some few Dragoons and Horse,
That instantly they make a furious Sally
Upon the Foe, and Heaven succeed their Arms.
Spinosa. I know, my Lord, the Message will be welcome,
Their youthful Blood is ready to boil or'e
With Rage against the *French*, with half that Eagerness
They would not fly to the desired embraces
Of the most charming of their Mistresses
As now they will to Arms.
Prince. No Speeches Marshal——
Their Truth I doubt not——execute your Orders.
Spinosa. I go my Lord. *Exit Spinosa.*
Prince. If my presaging hopes are true propheticks,
Our Enemies will soon repent this Visit.

Enter one from the French Camp.

Officer. My Lord, A Messenger from the Enemy.
Prince. Your Business, Sir.
Mess. 'Tis from the noble *Marquess de Bouffleers*,
Who to your Highness bid me give this Summons.
Prince. Read it Captain, *To an Officer.*
Officer Reads. To you the *Prince* and Governour of *Mons*,
My Royal Master his kind Greeting sends,
And in his Name commands you to surrender
The Town and Citadel without delay;
Which just Demand, if proudly you refuse,
Himself attended with his Son the *Dauphine*,
And all the Flower of *France* will force you to't,
Bouffleers.
Prince. Go tell the Marquess from the *Prince Bergue*,
The King of *France* affords me too much Honour

'o come himſelf in Perſon to behold
'he brave Defence we are reſolv'd to make.

Exit Meſſenger.

urrender *Mons*, my dear lov'd Native Town?
ıs ſoon I'd ſell my valued Right of Birth
Vith Arms and plenty of Proviſions ſtor'd,
Ve doubt not but to tire the Force of *France*.
carce thirteen years are paſt ſince they attempted
'o gain the Town, but then they were repulſed
ıt height of Noon, and beaten from their Trenches
y the brave Valour of the great *Naſſau*
ſow *Britains* Monarch at the *Hague* Conſulting
he fitteſt Methods Chriſtendom to free
om ſervile Chains and Arbitrary Sway
Vhich gladly *France* would on all *Europe* lay,

ACT II. SCENE I.

ene the Duke of Luxemburghs *Tent in the* French *Camp, preſent himſelf, the Marqueſs* de Boufflers, *the Marſhal* de Duras, Fevillade, &c.

M. Boufſl. A trifling Loſs, and ſcarcely worth the naming,
the whole Action but five hundred ſlain:
ıd we muſt do our Eemies that Juſtice,
ey ſallied out like Men inur'd to Arms.

Luxemb. Relieve the Centrys that have watcht ſo long,

To the Officers.

ture muſt have repoſe——this ſtubborn Town
l vexes me, yet were our num'rous Army
great as e're was chronicled in Story,
ſhould be ſlain ev'n to a ſingle Man;
ore the Kings Pretentions ſhould be loſt.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſeng. My Lord, another Sally has been made,
Enemy attempting to demoliſh
Vind-mill to the Counterſcarp adjoyning,
in the Action kill two hundred Men.

Luxemb. Let them go on and ſurfeit with their Glory,

[Fortune

Fortune with theſe Succeſſes does but flatter 'em,
Like Gameſters they at firſt have Lucky throws,
This tempts them on to venture deeper ſtill,
Till they at laſt by one unlucky Chance
Looſe all their flatt'ring hopes and ſtore of gain.

Boufflers. Never was better tim'd this City's Siege,
Secure they liv'd, not Dream'd of ſuch Attacques,
The Governour of all the *Spaniſh Netherlands*
Is at the *Hague* conſulting how to form
The Model of this preſent Summers War,
His preſence wanting to inform their Actions,
Like men juſt rows'd from ſleep they talk and act,
But 'tis with ſuch Confuſion that they hardly
Know whether that they act or ſpeak at all.

Enter a Second Meſſenger.

Meſſenger. My Lords, his Majeſty is with his Highneſs
The *Dauphin*, *Conde*, and the Duke *de Chartres*,
Together with the chiefeſt of the Nobles,
Juſt now arrived in Perſon in the Camp,
And your immediate Conference commands.

Luxemb. We go — This, *Boufflers* is the Soul of Courage,
When our great Monarch does himſelf appear,
At head of all his Numerous Troops in perſon,
This no ſmall Comforts to our hopes does bring,
Cowards will Fight when headed by a King.

ACT II. SCENE II.

A great Noiſe of Shooting is heard for ſome time, after which the Scene changes to the City of Mons.

Enter Fagel *with ſeveral Officers.*

Fagel. Secure the Horn-Works, mount the Canon higher,
And Fire ſo faſt upon 'em, that the Enemy
May looſe themſelves in Clouds of Fire and Smoak,
I hate to Fight in Jeſt — How fare the Troops *(to the Officers.*
That you command, are they all brave and luſty?

1 *Officer.* Like Soldiers in the moſt exalted ſence
They Fight, and if of any fault they'r guilty,

'Tis

'Tis they expoſe themſelves too near to Danger.

Fagel. A Meſſenger is juſt arrived in Town
From our Chief Head the Marqueſs *Caſtanaga*,
T'inform the Burghers if they ſtill perſiſt
To keep the Town till timely Succours come
They ſhall be free from Taxes Twenty years:
Had you but ſeen with what Exceſs of Joy
The Meſſage they receiv'd, you would have ſmil'd;
Fighting tho not agreeing with their Temper,
Yet to be freed from Tribute are Valiant,
For they hate Taxes worſer than the *French*.

Enter Collonel Brannacio.

(*embracing him*) Welcome thou Soul of VVar, what ſort of News
From *Bruſſels* does the Lov'd *Brannacio* bring?

Col. Brannacio. News is a Drug, for all Diſcourſe and Talk
Is laid aſide, excepting *Mons* Beleaguer'd;
Of this the very Children learn to prattle,
And it is taken and reliev'd each hour:
'Twas by Diſguiſe my ſelf and ſome few more
Got into the Town

Fagel. And how appears the Army?

Branac. Dreadful enough in ſight and apprehenſion
To thoſe who want true Courage to defy
The Force of ſuch a Formidable Foe.
met a Gentleman upon the Road,
oing in haſt to the Marqueſs *Caſtanaga*
'inform him of the Preſent State of *Mons*,
nd preſs for ſpeedy Succours for our Aid.

Fagel. Tho Plenty never was eſteem'd a Burthen,
t preſent we no Helps nor Aids require;
oviſions we have got ſo great a Stock,
o laſt four Months without the leaſt Recruits;
ur Men are hearty and unanimous,
ich ſtriving who his Fellow ſhall out-do
acts of Valour; nay the very Burghers
re Soldiers too, and hourly on the Walls
) Random Bullets do their Breaſts expoſe,

Bra-

Brunswic. The Prince just now receiv'd a haughty Message
From Monsieur *Lovis*, That for ev'ry day
They stubbornly held out (since their great Monarch
Was in the Camp,) they should for such offence
Pay numerous Crowns for each delaying Morning.
Bravado's ------ Let them first defend the Claim
They make before they seize upon our Purse.

[*A Trumpet heard!*]

But hark some Signal, --- Each Man to his Post,
Bravely we must defend, or Mons *is lost.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter several Burghers *and* Souldiers *running cross the Stage with* Buckets *in their hands, crying out, Quench the Fire, quench the Fire. The* Scene *closes.*

ACT II. *Scene* 3.

The Scene. *The French Kings Tent in the* French *Camp, in which appears* Lewis *the* XIV. *The* Dauphin, *The Prince of* Conde, *Monsieur* Lovis, *The Duke* d'Chartres, *Monsieur* Vauban, *and other Officers.*

K. of France. When will my thirst of Glory find a Period?
Since I have aim'd at Universal Monarchy,
A restless thought still raging in my Breast,
Makes my Days irksom, and my Nights unquiet:
Whole Provinces already I've laid desolate,
And where so e're I stretch my Conquering Arms,
In Blood and Ruins I make good my Title.

Lovis. By this, great Sir, your Empire you enlarge.

K. F. 'Tis my Ambition *Lovis* to be great;
Men of my rank do seldom think of dying:
But 'tis methinks a kind of satisfaction,
When after Ages seeing Towns destroy'd,
Shall say, that *Lewis* made that Desolation.
Does *Mons* yet still persist in Obstinacy?

Dauphin. 'Tis the old stubborn Town it ever was;
They nothing want to make a brisk Defence.

K. F. Vauban you nicely have survey'd the place.

Where lyes it's chiefeſt ſtrength, and where it's weakneſs?

M. Vauban. Great Sir, I muſt confeſs their Forts are built
By the ſtrict rules of modern Architecture,
Their Baſtions ſtrong, their Horn-works regular,
Their Ramparts good, and the deep Moats and Ditches
Add no ſmall ſtrength to the diſtreſſed Town.
Four Days your Royal Troops have *Mons* beleagur'd,
And if my skill in War does not deceive me,
Before the *Sun* ſix times goes round the Globe,
The place will yield to your victorious Arms.

K. F. It ſhall, ------ the mighty *Lewis* ſays it ſhall,
If force compel not, then I uſe my Gold;
No trifling *Sum* I've brought to give the *Souldiers*,
Who ſhall be taken notice of in Battel,
To give the beſt aſſurance of their Valour,
Beſides ſome greater *Sum* for private Service;
I have my Friends in *Mons* as well as *Philip*.
Lovis, here, take this Gold (*gives a Purſe,*) and ſend it quickly
By ſome bold luſty Officer of yours
In a Deſerters habit to the Town,
And to the *Abbotts Grimchi* and *Vaneuſe*,
Commend my Love, and tell 'em I'm their Friend;
Let this old Gold expreſs my ſecret meaning,
The beſt the Language of my Preſents know.

Lovis. I fly, dread Sir, to execute your Pleaſure.

[*Exit* Lovis.]

Enter Luxemburgh, Bouffleers, *&c.*

K. F. How goes the Siege, my Lords? You ſeem concern'd;
I read ſome ſtrange confuſion in your Faces.

Luxem. Think not, great Sir, that fear or Cowardize,
Makes us thus wear this ſadneſs on our looks;
To both we're ſtrangers. ---- 'Tis the great concern
We bear to your Majeſtick Reputation,
Which we ſuſpect will find ſome Diminution.
In the Attempts upon the ſtubborn *Mons*.

F. K. Have I ſelected out from all my Troops
The choiceſt Men, and brought my houſhold Guards
Gens d'Arms, Light-horſe, and ſuch a Train of Cannon

T'oppoſe

T'oppoſe one ſtubborn *Town*? and am I baffl'd?
By all the Saints our holy Church adores,
I ſwear that no expence of Men or Mony
Shall e're be wanting to reduce the Place.

Bouffl. Great Sir, the Souldiers in your Royal Army
Behave themſelves with an uncommon Brav'ry;
But there is no defence againſt our Fate.

F. K. Talk not of Fate to me; my Lord, I tell you
I over-rule her cloſeſt laid Deſigns;
And have her at my beck; —— nay more, command her;
And notwithſtanding theſe croſs Accidents,
Am certain, that before few days are ended,
This Town of *Mons* will own me for her Maſter.
To you *Rubenton (ſpeaking to him)* our old truſty Servant,
We give the Government of this Conquer'd City
When e're it falls into Our Royal Hands;
Mean while, you *Luxemburgh*, *Bouffleers*, and all
My Officers relating to the Siege,
Open the Trenches, uſe your utmoſt force,
To make the Town comply; but if it ſtill
Reſiſts my Arms, —— by all the Gods I ſwear,
Within their ſtreets I'le lay a Scene of Blood
Shall make their Dwellings horrible to Nature.
I will ----- my Lords, St. *Guiſlan* is my Quarters,
Where I with eaſe refreſh my ſelf, ſtill waiting
When the glad News arrives that *Mons* is taken;
Then with a Grandeur like my ſelf I enter,
As did my Predeceſſor *Julius Cæſar*
Along the ſtreets of *Rome*; for 'tis reſolv'd,
Mons ſhall ſubmit and own my Regal Power,
Or ſudden ruine ſhall the Globe devour.

[*Exit with his Train.*]

Manent, Luxemburgh *and* Bouffleers.

Luxemb. It ſhall ſubmit — for ſo our Sovereign ſwears,
I wiſh it may, but when I make Reflections
With what true Courage they defend the Town,
I know not what to think. —

Bouffl. ——— Beſides my Lord,

The Prince of *Orange* at the *Hague*, is raiſing
A numerous Army of pickt choſen Souldiers
To raiſe the Siege, or elſe to give us Battel.

Luxemb. All actions when t'extremity reduc'd
Require our niceſt prudence; we no time
For long ſet-Speeches and Debates can ſpare;
It muſt be Action terminates the War. —

[*Exeunt Ambo.*]

ACT. II. *Scene* 4.

The Scene changes to the Fort upon Windmill-hill. Engineer Pedro, Spinoſa, *and other Officers and Souldiers appear.*

Pedro. To ſee the various effects of Fortune!
Thrice has this place been in the Enemies hands,
And thrice they have been beaten out again,
With more then *Roman* Bravery by the Souldiers.

Spinoſa. Major, If any thing of War I know,
I think it is not ſafe to keep the place
In our own Power; indeed 'tmuſt be confeſt,
To take it, they have now already loſt
In their Attaques about Two thouſand Men.
A pretty Sum for ſuch a trifling Poſt.

Pedro. Your Advice, What muſt be done?
My orders from the Prince are independent.
He giving me a large and full Commiſſion,
To act as I ſhould judge moſt proper for the ſafety
Of *Mons* diſtreſt; now, Sir, with low ſubmiſſion
To your grave Judgment, I eſteem it fitteſt
That inſtantly we blow the Wind-mill up.

Spinoſa. No flattery, *Pedro*, I reſign my ſelf
And thoughts entirely to your wiſe directions;
Souldier — (*ſpeaking to one*) how ſtands the Enemy abroad?

1. *Souldier.* My Lord, they're very buſie in working upon the Trenches, little thinking poor Curs they are digging their own Graves.

Pedro. Is the Coaſt free from any ſtraggling Troops?

2. *Souldier.*

2. *Souldier.* Yes, my Lord, only half a Dozen or ſo together, a louzing themſelves in the Sun; I wonder what quarters the poor Vermin can find upon ſuch thread-bare Coats.

Spinoſa. Then March all out, but not in heaps at once.
But three or four together to the Town,
Put on a chearful look as unconcern'd,
The laſt that ſtay, are *Pedro* and my ſelf,
Who with a Train will blow the *Windmill* up,
Then try our utmoſt valour in the Siege.

1. *Souldier.* We go, my Lord, we go; but if we ſhould meet with a Party of *French* in our way, we cannot forbear boxing 'em for our Lives, poor rottten Rogues; for t'other Day I twang'd one of them by the Noſe, and with a ſlight pull it came off into my hand, I believe all his Carcaſs was of the ſame Brittle Ware.

Spinoſa. Be cautious, tho' in all your undertakings.
Pedro have you affixt the Train?

Pedro. I have, my Lord.

Now for the Town, where Fortune ſeems to vary,
But Heaven forbid our Arms ſhould ſtill Miſcarry.

ACT II. *Scene* 5.

Scene, *A ſtreet in* Mons. *Enter ſeveral* Burghers *in Arms, with* Pioneers *and* Souldiers.

1 *Burg.* HAve you quencht the Fire in *Domingo's-ſtreet*?

Pioneer. Yes, Sir, but there is another broke out near the *Palace.*

2. *Burg.* Theſe Bombs are like Plaiſters of *Cantharides*, they raiſe Bliſters where e're they are apply'd.

3. *Burg.* I think o' my Conſcience the whole Town is troubled with a Saint *Antony's* Fire, for 'tis burning almoſt in every place.

[*A great noiſe heard.*]

2. *Burg.* Ha! what noiſe is that, Heaven guard our Senſes.

Enter a Souldier *running.*

Souldier. Good news, good news, the *Windmill is blown up.*

1. *Burg.*

1. *Burg.* Is that ſuch good news, ſay you?

Sould. Yes, Sir, for Major *Pedro* blew it up to prevent the *French* making uſe of it to annoy the Town; I have but one little Cottage of my own, and I'de make a Bon-fire on't before the *French* ſhould have it.

1. *Sould.* Nay, never fret your ſelf about that Fellow, Souldier, for if they go on as they began, the whole Town will be but one continued Bon-fire in a little time.

2. *Souldier.* But we have pretty well warm'd their fingers for 'em already, they have loſt (if Report be not a damn'd confounded lying Son of a Whore) above three thouſand Men, and we not too hundred and fifty ſince the Siege.

Enter a Switzer *Deſerter.*

2. *Burg.* How now, in the name of *Wonder*, who art thou?

Switz. Why, Sir, I am a Man and no Man, a Souldier and no Souldier.

1 *Burg.* Or any thing, or rather nothing; ſpeak quickly, what are you? who are you? and who d'yee belong to?

Switz. Sir, I was a Souldier in the *French* Camp, and for divers and ſundry reaſons have deſerted it.

Souldier. To come to be a Spy upon us— knock out his brains, knock out his brains for a Son of an overgrown Muſtachio.

Switzer. You wrong me, Gentlemen, I am no Villain,
But one whom *juſt* reſentment has compell'd
To leave the *French*, my once Tyrannick Maſters,
To ſerve—Oh I am very faint.

1. *Burg.* Give him ſome Brandy, give him ſome Brandy; a very honeſt fellow, this o' my Conſcience, rubb his temples, rubb his Temples— ſo, no now he comes to himſelf — Well Friend, how ſtands the *French* Camp?

Switz. It moves along in a continued Motion,
Firſt on one ſide, then by and by on t'other,
And whiſpers hourly, buz about the Camp,
That a great Army haſtens to relieve
Your almoſt ruin'd Town, or give 'em Battle.

2. *Burg.* Courage, Courage, my Boys, chear up, my little Sons of Fire and Gun-Powder — here poor Fellow, there's ſome Money for you — I am mightily in love with this Switzer.

1. *Burg.*

1. *Burg.* Will you affirm all this before the Prince?

Switz. Yes and much more, for I have ſome Reports
Are only fitting for his private Ear,
Which if ſuſpected, let me lye in Priſon,
Until the certainty of all's confirm'd.

1. *Burg.* Odd I love the Rogue from my heart, come I'le goe along with you to the Governour, and I'le warrant thee a Gold Chain and Medal.

Switz. ——Or if I'm falſe, a halter.

[*Exeunt the* Burgers, *with the* Switz.

Enter a great Rabble *Crying out, Fire.*

Sould. Where, where?

Rabble. Every where, every where, in the Palace, in the Market place. The whole Town is but one great Oven, and I think they deſign to bake us in't, come away, come away.

ACT III. *Scene* 1.

Scene *the Palace, preſent the Prince,* Fagel, Harcourt, Spinoſa, Pedro. &c.

Prince. SO great an Army 'fore ſo ſmall a Town,
Seems that by numbers they deſign to Conquer;
As yet through all the ſad Calamities
Of Fire and Blood, *Mons* reſolutely ſtands
The Object of their hate— but *Fagel* Tell,
What ſuccours from abroad muſt we expect?

Fagel. Enough, if timely they aſſiſtance lend,
For th'Engliſh Monarch our once bleſt Deliverer,
With fifty thouſand Men of the Confederates,
Lye now encampt near *Bruſſels*, thence, to *Hall*;
They march, where they expect ſome other Troops
To joyn them, which, with Regiments of *Scotch* and *Spaniſh*
Expected, likewiſe will increaſe the Army
To ſeventy thouſand choice ſelected Souldiers.
I mention not their Mortars, nor their Cannon,

Which

Which all together make a glorious Army.

Prince. May Heaven ſucceed their Arms; but all this while
How ſtand Affairs within our ſelves? I fear
The Souldiers haraſs'd with continual Watchings,
And Burghers with their Loſſes half diſtracted,
May have ſome inclinations to ſurrender,
To rid themſelves of this uneaſineſs.

Fagel. My Lord, I only for the Souldiers ſpeak,
They are unanimous, and every Man
Will to the laſt defend the Cities Glory
Againſt the bold Encroachments of the *French.*

Harcourt. The Burghers too my Lord, to all Appearance
Are reſolutely brave and bold in Action.
I know not how their Wives Endearments may
Soften their Minds, and lead their Wills aſtray.

A Great Shout heard.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Prince. The News.

Meſſeng. My Lord, ill Tidings muſt ſalute your Ears,
The *Half-Moon* of the *Horn-work* next the Gate
Of *Barlemont* being widen'd with their Cannon,
Was juſt now with about Seven thouſand Men
Storm'd with that fury, that in little time
The *French* became the Maſters of the Fort,
But in the three Attaques they gave the Place;
They loſt at ſev'ral times Three thouſand Men.

Prince. This ſad Relation checks me not at all.

Fagel. Nor me.

Harcourt. Nor me.

Pedro. Nor any whoſe great mind
Is plac'd above the rude Aſſaults of Fortune.

Prince. Fagel and you *Spinoſa* — to the City
Haſten with ſpeed and animate the Burghers;
Their Drooping Spirits may perhaps need Cordials.
Harcourt and *Pedro* — to your Poſts advance,
And let the Souldiers want no due Encouragement,

Whilſt

Whilſt I about the Town in different Quarters
Comfort, adviſe, and order Neceſſaries;
But ſtop our Ears to all Capitulation.

Fagel. Forbid it Heaven! No, firſt let glorious *Mons*
Be made the Seat of one continued Fire,
And ev'ry Souldier periſh in the Flame,
Rather than tamely yield our Lives ſo, and Fortunes
To *French* diſcretion. — If I hear one whiſper,
Where ever I reſort, of tame Surrender,
By Heav'n I'le ſplit the Skull of ſuch a Man,
Were he my *Brother*, or what's more my *Friend*.

ACT. III. *Scene* 2.

The Scene a fine Apartment.

Enter the two Abbots, Grimchi *and* Vaneuſe.

A. Van. Methinks, Brother, you look very chearfully to day; theſe pleaſing ſmiles of yours do not ſuit with the Calamity of the Times.

A. Grimchi. What neceſſity is there, I ſhould be dull and cloudy becauſe the Times are ſo?

A. Vaneuſe. Great reaſon, our humours ſhould always ſympathiſe with melancholy occaſions.

A. Grimchi. No Brother, I had a Cordial ſent me to day from the *French* Kings own Cloſet, [*ſhews a Purſe of Gold*] ſmell on't, d'ye think 'tis rightly prepar'd.

A. Vaneuſe. I believe I can match it,— [*ſhews another Purſe*] 'tis exactly the ſame Colour, and prepar'd by the ſame hand, I believe; you know how to uſe it, I ſuppoſe.

A. Grimchi. I were a blockhead elſe.

Enter three Women.

1 *Wom.* Oh Lord, Father, I am in ſuch a fright, I ſhall never be recover'd again.

2 *Woman.* Oh Father, theſe Guns, theſe filthy Guns have made me almoſt diſtracted.

3 *Woman.* Oh the Pains and Perils of Child-birth, are but a flea-

biting to the Fears I hourly ſuffer. Oh! my poor Husband was thrown down in a Croud, and has bruis'd his little Finger, I'm afraid he'll never recover again.

A. Grimshi. Forbear, Daughters, theſe ſad complaints,
You muſt look further than the outward cauſe,
Heaven has a good deſign in theſe Afflictions,
To humble us, and make us ſtill more Vertuous.

1. *Woman.* I ſhall be humbled I think with a Witneſs, I have neither waſht my face nor comb'd my head ſince the ſiege began, beſides a large Trunk in our Garret took fire, and burnt all my beſt Linnen.

2. *Woman.* Nay, a Bomb that fell into our Yard, ſpoil'd me nineteen Dutch Cheeſes, and five Firkins of Butter; Oh Lord, I'm undone, undone, why, I ſhall never eat a good Meal agen.

A. Vaneuſe. Patience, Daughters, patience.
'Tis Heavens High Pleaſure, and there's no contending.

3. *Woman.* Oh theſe wicked *French*, they have kill'd all my Poultry, and the noiſe of the Cannons has ſow'rd all the Liquor in my Cellar.

A. Grimshi. Ceaſe theſe Complaints, as fruitleſs all, we charge you,
By ſcratching of the Wound you make it feſter.

1. *Woman.* I have not ſeen my poor Husband this three days, I'm afraid he was kill'd at the Horn-work.

2. *Woman.* And mine had been kill'd too, if I had not lock'd him up in the Cellar poor Man.

A Bomb falls at ſome diſtance, and makes a great noiſe, at which the Women and Prieſts fall down flat on their Faces, crying out.

W. and *P.* Oh Lord, *I* am dead, *I* am dead, *O Jeſu Maria, libera nos.*

Enter a great number of the moſt cowardly Burghers, with other Rabble, running haſtily into the Room for ſhelter, they ſtumble over the Prieſts and the Women.

1. *Burg.* Hey-day, hey day, here's fine doings; my Wife upon the Floor with two Prieſts, they talk of Horn-Works in the Town, I believe there has been ſome Works of that nature going forward here.

1. *Woman.* Oh Lord, *Hubby*, are you alive?——When the Bomb went off I fell in a Trance, and fancied your Corps appeared to me, and methought you were ſo ſtiff.

1. *Burgh.*

1. *Burg.* Come, came, no more fooling.

After ſome time, they all get up, and every one bows to the Prieſt, who bleſs them with the ſign of the Croſs, and ſprinkle Holy Water on them.

2. *Burg.* Will our Misfortunes never have an end? 'Tis now a thing to me indifferent, whether we keep *Mons* or no, for my part *I*'m undone already.

3. *Burg.* And I too, *I* am not worth the twentieth part of a Ducat.

2. *Woman.* Oh, my Husband and *I*, when we were firſt married, had a great deal of good Houſe-hold-ſtuff, but 'tis all deſtroy'd excepting a hard flock Bed, and a joint ſtool.

1. *Woman.* *I* wiſh the *French* had the Town for my part ſo the *I*nhabitants were but at quiet.

2. *Burg.* And *I* too, let the *Turk* have it rather than live this ſad noiſie Life.

1. *Burgh.* But they ſay we ſhall be relieved by the Confederate Army.

2. *Burg.* Yes, by doomsday in the Afternoon.

A Grimchi. Friends, Citizens——

3. *Burgh.* Silence there, ſilence there, let the Father ſpeak.

[*a great ſilence.*

A. Grimch. Friends, Citizens, *I*nhabitants of *Mons*,
By the offended hand of Heaven, you ſuffer
Theſe ſad Calamities of Fire and Sword,
Some very grievous Crimes you have committed;
Which thus has cauſ'd the Face of Heaven to frown,
Your Town beſieged by the *French*, has ſuffer'd
All the Misfortunes that attend a Siege;
But they are *Catholicks*, and ſo are you;
Shall theſe fall out? Forbid it, oh juſt Heaven,
The Succours which pretend they would relieve you,
Are *Hereticks*' mark that, my Friends, the'yr *Hereticks*;
Would you to have your Town preſerv'd by *Hereticks*,
Hazard the ſafety of the true Religion
The Sacred *Roman Apoſtolick Faith*?
Conſider this, and tell me then yee ſufferers,
Whether yee are true Chriſtians, yea or no?

1. *Burgh.* What think you, Neighbour, does Father *Grimchi* ſpeak truth or no— ha.

2. *Burg.* A notable Speech o' my Conscience,
But how, Father shall we help our selves?
F. *Grimchi.* Will you for once my Ghostly Counsel take
All. Ay, ay, all of us, Father,—- silence.
A. Grimchi. Then putting on your most dejected looks,
Your selves and Wives shall to the Governour hasten.
But lest through hopes and fears you grow unruly.
The Reverend Father *Vaneufe* and my self,
Will go before you in a large Procession,
And tell him the Calamities you suffer.
And that 'tis better to surrender far,
Than still to feel the dire effects of War.
All cry out. A surrender, a surrender, we'll Capitulate.
A. Vaneufe. Let every one by different ways repair

To th' Market place in less than half an hour,
Where we'll assist you to our utmost Pow'r.

[*Exeunt, the Rabble one way, the Priests another.*

ACT III. *Scene* 3.

Scene *the Palace, present the Prince,* Ravilledo, Pedro Fagell, &c.

Prince. NO Succours come! Oh most ill tim'd delay.
Fagel. Tho' Succours still we want, yet 'tis a pleasure,
To think how dear our Enemies have paid
For this Attempt upon the Town of *Mons*;
The Duke *de Maine*, and the *Grand Prior* of *France*,
Killed in the Trenches; *Megrim* the *Engineer*
Wounded in both his Arms, and sent to *Tournay*,
[illegible]*leers* and *Vendosme* hurt almost to death,
[illegible]es in their Attacques upon the Horn-Works,
[illegible]ey've lost at least above six thousand Men.
[*A great Noise heard.*
What Tumult can be this, which dares presume,
T'infect

T'infeſt the Palace at this time of Day?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſeng. My Lord, my Lord, a moſt confuſed Rabble,
Of Men and Women, headed by the Abbots,
Old *Grimchi* and *Vaneuſe*, are preſſing forward,
And ſay that they have buſineſs with your Highneſs.

Prince. I never lik'd the two fat *Abby Lubbers*,
They're dangerous *I* fear — go, know their Buſineſs.

Exit Meſſenger.

I have a ſtrange ſuſpicion that theſe Villains
(*Forgive the word*) have put th' unthinking Rabble
Upon the Project of Capitulation.

Re-enter the Meſſenger.

Meſſeng. My Lord, they preſs upon the place ſo thick,
They have already fill'd the outward Courts,
Where loudly, every one of them, bauls out, *Surrender*,
We'll hold no longer out, let's hear their Terms.

Prince. Villains—but ah *I* want too bad a Name,
To brand 'em with— Betrayers of their Country,
What ſhall I call 'em?— Oh *I* am loſt in paſſion;
Theſe Prieſts have caus'd this *Miſchief*; oh that *Lucifer*
Had took 'em all into his private Cuſtody

[*Shouts heard.*

Before the Seige — the Torrent grows too high,
And faint reſiſtance makes it flow the faſter.
Nothing we want; our Arms and our Proviſions
Hold out, the Souldiers too are valiant,
And nothing but the Prieſts and Burghers Cowards;
O *Prieſt-Craft*, *Shop-Craft*! how do ye Effeminate
The Mind of Man.

[*A Drum is heard upon the Walls and ſhooting.*

Hah! do I hear a Drum?
Nay, then 'tis done, and *Mons* is now no more;
The Plagues which did all *Ægypts* Land infeſt,
Are nothing to the ſingle plague of Prieſt.

[*Exeu*

ACT III. *Scene* 4.

Scence. *The* French *Camp*; *present the King, the* Dauphin Lovis, *&c.*

K. F. My Nobles ſlain and wounded, with the Deaths
Of ſuch a num'rous company of Souldiers,
Beſides my Magazines of Forage ſpent,
And all this loſs before a ſtubborn Town.
[*A very great Shout heard.*
Hah! what can this mean — yet my preſaging hopes
Tell me, my golden Plott has ta'ne effect.

Enter a Trumpeter from D. Luxemburgh.

Trump. Great Sir, the Town deſpairing of all Succour,
s beating of a Parley on the Wall
This very inſtant.
F. K. — Diſtract me not with Falſhood;
'm glad to hear it tho — Now famous *Mons*
s mine, and ſhall continue mine for ever.
Dauphine. And may all refractory Towns that dare
tand out againſt your moſt victorious Arms
leet the like Fortune, or a worſer Fate.
F. K. This is a glorious opening the Campaign;
now am juſt what a late Motto ſtil'd me,
e againſt all; ſince with my ſingle Force,
bid defiance to all *Europes* Arms.
'alue not their Counſels at the *Hague*,
id ſcorn their moſt united Power more,
rd of my ſelf, and all Mankind beſide.
:h day I add freſh Lawrels to my Brows;
: Poets rack their Brains to make new Triumphs,
l publick Joy reſound through all the Camp,
ilſt I my ſelf in Perſon go to view

The

The Flagg of Truce—and bleſs my Eyes! with gazing
Upon the Ruines of a Conquer'd Town,
Which adds another Ruby to my Crown.

ACT III. *Scene* 5.

The Scene opening, *diſcovers the Burghers upon the Wall in* great numbers, *with a* Flag *of* Truce, *and a* Drum *beating.*

Below in the Trenches *ſtand* Luxemburgh *and* Bouffleers, with *with other Officers and Souldiers.*

Luxem. (—*Looking backward,*) Command ſilence there. (*Looking up,*) Now your Demands,

1 *Burg.* Firſt Hoſtages muſt be exchanged.

Lux. Ours are ready.

3 *Burg.* And ſo are Ours.

[*Exchange of Hoſtages is made.*

Lux. Where are your Articles of Capitulation?

2 *Burg.* Here; but with moſt unwillingneſs we got 'em. The Governour was at leaſt two hours before he could be perſuaded to ſet his hand to 'em.

1 *Burg.* Would it not vex any Man to ſet his hand to a writing that conveys his Eſtate from him.

Lux. None of your Preaching Mr. *Burgher*, your Guns have ſpoke too loud already.

1 *Burg.* Old *Vagel* would not ſign.

2 *Burg.* 'Tis a croſs old basket hilted Officer. And will you now my Lords perform theſe Articles ſign'd on your part?

Lux. Moſt inviolably.

Enter the French *King* incognito.

K. F. How could *I* feaſt my Eyes with ſuch a ſight?
O *Mons*, thou firſt-born of this Summers Conqueſts,
Thy Articles ſhall be as firmly kept
As all theſe other Contracts *I* have made.

[*Exit*
Lux.

Lux. Now [illegible]
We all are friends, tho' with some kind [illegible]
The Garison we view march out to morrow.

ACT. III. *Scene 6.*

The Scene discovers a Regiment of Horse drawn up, and [illegible] two Lines, through which Drums beating, and Colours flying [illegible] at all Points; the Garison, march out, after them thirty cover[illegible] gons, fifty Persons on Horseback in Masques, six pieces [illegible] and two Mortars: After all the Prince d'Hergue [illegible] *mounted with his Sword in his hand, and Attendance [illegible] Quality.— The* Dauphin *and* Luxemburgh *at the Head of the Regiment; — As he passes by the* Dauphin, *he makes three [illegible] with his Sword.*

Prince. Your Highness may believe 'tis with regret
I now surrender up this dear Lov'd Town;
Had not the Burghers with their Clamours deafen'd me,
I had not thus been forc'd to a Compliance.
Dauph. My Lord, 'tis known you are too brave a Foe
To merit evil usage: We may pity,
But cannot now in justice help your Fortunes.
Your Souldiers fought like Men inspir'd with Courage;
Who could do less under so brave a General?
Your Conduct in the Siege all Tongues commend,
And pray esteem the *Dauphin* as your Friend.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.